

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2231

and **BYSTANDER**

London
March 29, 1944



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Yevonde

Lady Susan Askew: A New Portrait

Lady Susan Askew, fourth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, married Major John Marjoribanks Askew, Grenadier Guards, in 1933. They have a daughter, Sarah, born in 1936, and a son, Henry John, now four years old. Their home is Ladykirk, Norham-on-Tweed, and it is there that Lady Susan spends much of her time entertaining members of the Dominion Forces on leave. In pre-war days she was very fond of racing



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Weakness

THE German occupation by military force of Hungary is at first sight a sign of strength. To accomplish it the Germans must have had to call on their reserves at a time when they are sorely pressed by the Russians, and when the blows in Italy grow heavier and at any moment they may be faced by a fresh assault in Western Europe. On closer examination Germany's seizure of Hungary reveals itself as the first real crack in the Nazi empire which the politician Adolf Hitler had created in the Balkans. From this aspect it is more significant than even the military action.

Hungary has been, or seemed to be, the closest of the junior partners in the Axis. In this position she has appeared to enjoy particular indulgence as regards her internal affairs. It may never have been real independence, but Admiral Horthy was certainly allowed to act as though he were a free agent within the Axis. The measure of Germany's crisis is that this pretence has had to be dropped. The political links of German domination under the Nazis are weakening with each week. There is now no room for indulgence of any of Hitler's old friends. Hard military facts have replaced political pressure. Germany now demands of all her satellites the supreme sacrifice to save herself.

Compulsion

OBVIOUSLY the Germans cannot have wanted to occupy Hungary by military divisions. They would have preferred a continuance of the political alliance. But at the last moment, under the great pressure of approaching catastrophe, the political power of the Nazis was not enough. It was necessary for the Germans to seize the body and the soul of Hungary to defend themselves against the approach of the Russians. There is no doubt that here is Germany's real crisis. Hungary is to be turned into one of the outer forts to hold off the enemy assaults as long as possible.

The Germans have been outgeneralled by the Russians. One surprise has followed another. Even General Dittmar has had to tell the German people that further retreats may be forced on the German armies. He has told the Germans that the Russians have been able to gain ground at such high speed that at times wide gaps were opened in the German defensive fronts. General Dittmar, in prophesying that the front from Lvov to Vinnitsa might not be held, proclaimed that it was impossible to pronounce any final judgment. He could only say that heavy tasks would be imposed on the Germans before the new and critical situation could be mastered. German civilians have always reposed faith in their army leaders, and this has never been easily shaken. But General Dittmar's words, when they are driven home by Allied bombers, must have a profound effect on the German people at this time.

Drive

THE Russians are exploiting every fresh situation with confidence and determination. They have overcome so many of the obstacles which the Germans and others imagined would stop, or slow down, their westward drive. Field Marshal von Kleist is revealed to be in charge of operations on the Southern Front in Russia. This may not mean that Field Marshal von Manstein has been replaced. The German armies have been split into two parts. One part must bar the way at all costs to the Ploesti oilfields and eventually to Bucharest. The other must hold the Carpathians and bar the advance of the Russians at all cost.

There is little doubt that the Russians anticipated a development of this kind; indeed, they have manoeuvred for it. It remains to be seen how they can exploit the new situation. For the Russians this is a moment of vital importance. Hungary is the key to so much, and by its military occupation, which must be costing the Germans at least ten divisions, the Germans have admitted this much. Budapest

is in reality the cross-roads of Europe.

Denial

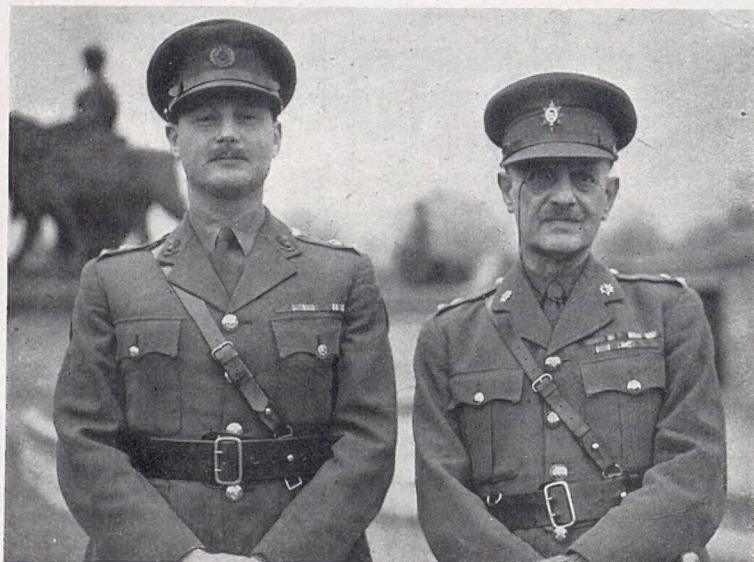
HITLER is at the cross-roads, too. He has taken the unusual step of denying that he has been responsible for seeking King Gustav of Sweden's help to negotiate peace terms with Britain and the United States. The denials of this interesting piece of news which have come from more than one quarter form a high degree of protestation which makes one suspicious. There may be something in the reports of these peace overtures. In face of military difficulties on the East Front, it is fairly reasonable to assume that Hitler was compelled to call on what were once his political powers to help the generals. They may have said to him that there would be some prospect of holding the Russians if there were not military preoccupations in the West and in Italy. Hitler, being a gambler, would not be able to recognize the impossibility of dividing the Allies with crude proposals at a moment when they realize that victory is in sight, and that whatever differences may appear to exist between them, only their joint efforts will ensure its attainment.

Policy

MR. CORDELL HULL has delivered himself of a survey of American policy in which he naturally puts first the defeat "of our enemies as quickly as possible." He then affirmed his belief in the Atlantic Charter and declared that the Moscow Four-Nation Declaration had banished the unhappy past when nations strove to safeguard their interests by alliances and promoting a balance of power. In election year, Mr. Hull was unusually bold to assert that international co-operation is the most effective method of safeguarding and promoting the political, economic and cultural well-being of the United States as well as of other nations. To this he added his belief that after the war an international agency must be created which could, by force if necessary, keep the peace.

Reaction

AS in this country, there are people in the United States who constantly complain that the Roosevelt Administration is without a foreign policy. Mr. Hull's survey shows this to be untrue. In the middle of a war no statesman can be tied down to anything but the broadest principles, such as Mr. Hull outlined. There are too many people who insist on striving after perfection in an imperfect world.



Four Men Who Received Double Decorations at a Recent Investiture

Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Carr, R.E., received the D.S.O. and the M.B.E. for services in the Middle East. With him at the Palace was his father, Colonel H. A. Carr, D.S.O., who was decorated in the last war for services in Gallipoli.

Three Scottish officers to receive awards were Captain Ritchie, Gordon Highlanders, Captain Stuart Hamilton, Black Watch, and Captain Grant, Gordon Highlanders. All three won the M.C. and bar for gallantry.



In an All-Weather Suit: Sir Oliver Leese

Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver Leese, who succeeded General Montgomery as Commander of the 8th Army, was wearing good sensible boots and a comfortable-looking coat, suitable to the rather doubtful weather conditions prevailing in Italy, when this picture was taken in front of his car



Destroyer of U-Boats

Captain Walker, R.N., of the sloop Starling, commands the pack of U-boat killers which recently returned to port, bringing as prisoners some of the crews of six German submarines destroyed by them

They disregard the process of military upheavals and refuse to admit the necessity of expediency. Marshal Stalin has made a virtue of expediency from the very moment that Hitler began his march on Europe. He seems to be excused at all points for acting expediently whereas when Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Anthony Eden, is compelled to adopt the same methods, there is a howl of derision from the perfectionists.

At the moment these perfectionists are in full cry. They proclaim that the British Government is without a foreign policy. This may lead Mr. Anthony Eden to do as Mr. Cordell Hull has done and reassert the broad principles of Government policy. It might be well if he did so without delay, for Mr. Eden's position is becoming more confused as he struggles manfully with his duties as Leader of the House of Commons and a hard-working member of the War Cabinet. There are some critics who say

that these extra burdens do not give Mr. Eden full opportunity to fulfil his rightful functions as Foreign Secretary.

Regret

ALL friends of France must have regretted the execution of Monsieur Pierre Pucheu at Algiers after his trial on charges of treason as the former Vichy Minister of the Interior. For the sole reason that the execution opens up the prospect, an unhappy prospect, for France in the days which immediately follow her release from German domination. At the same time, we have to recognize that the French are fiercer in their patriotism than almost any people in the world. They fight and die bravely—as did Pucheu when he gave the order to the firing squad which faced him—for their country. But if Pucheu had to die in this way, how many more will have to follow him, if only to satisfy French legalistic insistence?

Nuptial

THE marriage of King Peter of Yugoslavia to Princess Alexandra of Greece was an event which brought together in London a large gathering of exiled royalty. There was no attempt to make this royal wedding a festive occasion, and the new queen will have to await the development of military, as well as political events, before she can be crowned queen. It says much for the youthful King Peter that he refused to listen to political advisers who would have had him postpone his marriage. Many arguments were advanced for his consideration, and not the least powerful of these was that his country is at war grips with a fierce and foul enemy who has imposed so much suffering on the people of Yugoslavia. But even this argument was finally rejected by the king who has been called upon to face responsibilities of such magnitude for himself and the future of his country.



Two More Awards For the R.A.F. and The Royal Navy

Wing Commander John Braham, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and two bars, was decorated at the investiture. His wife was with him, and his father, Dr. Ernest Braham, Vicar of Newton Fareham, himself a pilot of the last war



Anthony, Rowland, Jeremy and Robin Hutton, the four sons of Captain Hutton, R.N., left the Palace with their father after he received a bar to his D.S.O. from the King at the investiture

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three Films

By James Agate

A FRIEND of mine who has been with a mechanized brigade for four years in every theatre of war except Iceland, tells me of experiences unequalled in comic opera. "When we invaded Persia," he said, "how many Persians do you think we met?" I hazarded "fifty thousand." He said, "No, not fifty thousand; not five thousand; not five hundred. We met seven Persians, and all of them stark naked." It seems that at the news of the British advance the entire Persian army had taken to the mountains, where it was captured by their own brigands who robbed them of everything, including their clothing. But for the rest, he said, you can describe this war like every other war as consisting of filth, flies, heat, cold, mud, lice, sores, dirt, noise, stinks, hunger, thirst, fatigue, wind-up, monotony, boredom, muddle and mess.

Now I am perfectly prepared to sit through a film which paints war in these colours. No documentary can be too dull to me, for I hold it to be the duty of the civilian to endure one hour of what the soldier has to endure for all the hours there are. Or I can stand a good war picture all of which is admittedly fiction. What I dislike, and dislike intensely, is the mixture of the two. I am afraid I did not care for *Tunisian Victory* (Odeon, Tivoli and New Gallery). It was neither one thing nor the other. I just didn't believe in those colloquies between Burgess Meredith and Johnny Mills.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK's *Lifeboat* (Odeon) shows that the Nazi is a professional soldier whereas the average American isn't and doesn't mean to be. This seems to me to be the right thing to say about both Nazis and Americans, and I find no fault whatever with this picture's motif. On the other hand I'm afraid I found it dull. Anyhow, I presently decided that I'd been in that lifeboat long enough, and after an hour or so of it, and some

time after nine, I got out and swam ashore. Meaning that I took a taxi to the Café Royal? You've said it, buddy.

BELATEDLY, having been unable to attend the pre-view, I hied me to the Regal to see that most accomplished actress and daughter of a famous theatrical family, Ida Lupino, in *The Hard Way*. This is the story of two sisters—Ellen, who is made of iron, ambitious and unscrupulous, and Katie, who is sweet, domestic and afflicted with a tender conscience. Katie is a dancer and a singer, and the entire film is occupied by the wily efforts of the masterful Ellen to get the talentless Katie on the road to fame and success. There are two men, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, whom Katie marries in succession. But before this we are shown that the path of what we in this country would call a musical-comedy actress is strewn with many thorns.

First of all, Katie is only a success up to a point. Incidentally, one wonders how she ever got as far as that Broadway piece in which she makes such a prodigious flop, and which may be presumed to be her last appearance on any stage, since her dancing is middling, her singing of the dying canary order, and her stage "business" the kind of thing that went out with George Edwardes. It struck me as odd that Ellen, who was an excellent critic of non-stage folk, should not have realized that her sister's callisthenic, mimic and vocal talents erred on the further side of the modest. The whole point, of course, is the dim-witted, quasi-adolescent American musical-comedy audience, whose standard is such masterpieces as *Ice-Cold Katy* and *Pistol Packing Mama*. Indeed I cannot see that the American musical-comedy audience is any more adult than the English. Which, of course, accounts for this film's nit-wit Katie. For if there is one thing your British football and your American baseball player adores alike it is lack of talent, and

Katie has all the lack there is going, and then some. I hasten to add that none of this is the fault of Joan Leslie, who does her best with what must be one of the silliest parts any film actress has ever had to struggle with.

THE idea of the film is, of course, to present Katie as the Good Girl and Ellen as the Bad Lot. But I see very little goodness about Katie, who, when she is not debating whether to continue her stage career—the doubt might perhaps be accounted to her for grace—is in a perpetual state of indecision about whom she shall sup with and even whom she shall marry. In the end she turns against the one person who devoted her life to the furthering of her career, and informs her that she never wants to see her again. Which, to my simple mind, reeks of the grossest ingratitude. Whereupon Ellen does herself in. To tell the honest truth my sympathies from start to finish were with the go-getter and never for one second with that ninny of a Katie. But, then, that type has always aroused my worst instincts.

IDA LUPINO, who plays Ellen, gives a reasonably good performance. But why, since Nature has gifted this actress with a mobile set of features, does she in this picture stick to one expression like a piano to its lid? By the way, what becomes of her husband, whom we see in the early part of the film harassed and nagged and deprived of his well-earned sleep by his virago-ish spouse, and whose one bit of activity consists in slapping Katie's face when she arrives home at three in the morning with an amorous young man? Whereby we take him to our hearts and are distressed when we find that after this practical lesson in deportment he completely disappears. He is the one living person in the picture; all the others are pure Hollywood fake. Are we to suppose that when his wife leaves him to build up Katie's success he goes back to bed and, at the end of the film, is still asleep?

BOTH the men are excellent, and the minor characters are admirably played. I particularly liked the faded actress of Gladys George. There was more nature in one of her wrinkles than in all Katie's synthetic and carefully built-up glamour. Personally I would rather have an hour of George than five minutes of Leslie, while recognizing that foot- and baseballers won't agree.



Two Shots of the Eighth Army Taken From the Official Film "Tunisian Victory"

"Tunisian Victory" is the story of the landing by British and American troops in North Africa in November, 1942. It is the official record of the long and bitter fight for Tunisia and its final triumphant climax with the Allied entry into Tunis. The film has been made by British and American film units working together under the direction of Colonel Frank Capra, and is included in the programmes at the Odeon, Tivoli and New Gallery cinemas this week. Aboveleft: Men of the Eighth Army are seen at a desert service. Right: An Eighth Army 25-pounder battery goes into action at Mareth



The "Maria" Hair-Do Starts A Wartime Fashion Craze

To Hemingway's Robert Jordan, the shorn locks of Maria were a tragic reminder of her sufferings; to the women of Britain those same shorn locks have provided inspiration—inspiration for the officially adopted hair style of 1944. Already the Maria haircut is the rage in America and experts forecast a change in women's appearance both here and "over there" as striking and as permanent as it was in 1915 when Irene Castle took a pair of scissors and cut off her long hair. Twelve leading hairdressers with twelve models are to demonstrate the many advantages of the Maria cut at the Conway Hall, London, on April 17. They say it is the most hygienic hair-do ever invented; that it needs none of the pins and clips now so difficult to come by, and in the words of Maria herself, that "it is wonderful to wash and to brush and no trouble at all to take care of." Maria, of course, is none other than the lovely film star, Ingrid Bergman—heroine of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

The Theatre

This Was A Woman (Comedy)

By Horace Horsnell

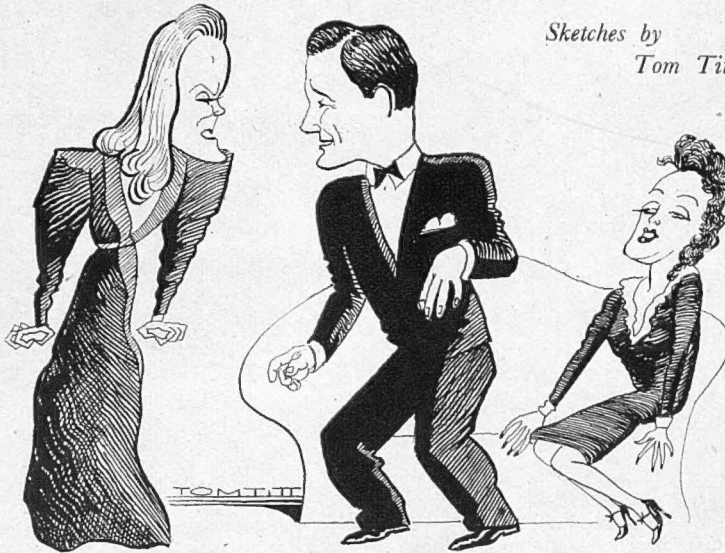
UNLIKE the major problems, chiefly psychological, so impulsively thrashed out by this downright little drama, a minor but intriguing question arose which was purely architectural. It concerned the "turret room" in which the action passed. This curiously versatile apartment not only permitted such ground-floor amenities as undelayed access by visitors, well-furnished tea-trolleys, and so on, but offered from its windows as lethal a drop as used to be common from the Eiffel Tower or, earlier still, the Tarpeian Rock. "Such things, we know (on the stage), are neither rich nor rare, but wonder how the devil they got there." Perhaps the house was situated at the edge of a precipice, as well as on the outskirts of London. The reason for this apparent anomaly was given by the dénouement.

More relevant problems concerned Mrs. Russell, the orchidaceous mistress of the house, who was so subtly disgruntled, and so suavely discourteous to Mr. Russell. Was she mad, bad, or merely a figment of melodrama? Though by no means purely circumstantial, the evidence she offered was conflicting. That she was misunderstood by her family seemed obvious, but that they, her husband and grown-up son and daughter, should have been so impercipient was one of those somewhat arbitrary facts that make truth at times stranger than fiction.

Her attitude to Mr. Russell was perhaps inevitable, he being such a mild provoking muf and she having such an exquisite flair for marital cat-and-mousery. That such ardour as may have misled her into marrying him had long since cooled was perhaps excusable. And that she, while lacerating him habitually and in the politest terms, should have smiled and smiled, did not necessarily proclaim her a villain. Moreover, her treatment of the new and naïve young parlourmaid, whom she caressed the more deeply to corrupt, was

uncomfortably suspicious, but not technically criminal. It was the horrid heart-to-heart talk she had with her daughter on the eve of the dear girl's wedding that made us really wonder whether madness, badness, or the licence of headstrong fiction was the trouble.

THE theme of the play might have been summarized as a study in morbid psychology had it been less adventurously treated.



Young love is outraged when Fenella Russell (Nova Pilbeam) finds her newly-wed husband, Valentine (Grey Blake) philandering with her mother's maid, Effie (Shelagh Fraser)

After all, misunderstood women will occur both in the most conventional suburbs and in the best regulated fiction. The theatre, however, is the theatre, and such an actress as Miss Sonia Dresdel not only needs but (as her recent performance as Hedda Gabler abundantly demonstrated) deserves heartier stuff than mere case-book psychology in which to extend her talents.

While the part itself is getting up dramatic steam, Miss Dresdel simmers with ominous

elegance. No snake in the grass could hiss with more disarming sweetness, or more sinuously glide from shadow to shadow. She has to balance on her graceful shoulders a somewhat precariously packed plot, and to carry it from smouldering symptoms to blazing crisis without letting it topple, or the creak of its machinery to queer its histrionic plausibility. This she does with a skill that is as interesting as picturesque, and a confidence that does not falter.

She is that increasingly rare thing, an actress who can act both thoroughly and well, and does not hesitate to give her audience the thrill of the works.

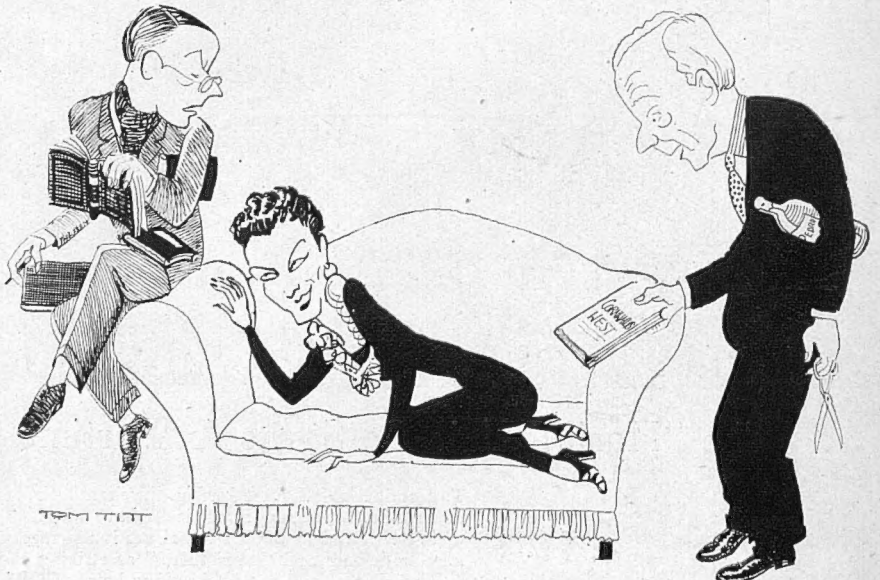
One may prefer to see her in first-rate parts, rather than in so-so melodrama; but this impulsive little drama is clever enough to show her quality, even if it handicaps her style.

She is admirably supported, when the plot most needs support, by Mr. John Bryning as her son—Orestes to her Clytemnestra—who does at last rise to his clinical status as a young but qualified medico, and correctly diagnoses arsenic as the means by which his mother so tortuously shuffles his poor father off this mortal coil. Miss Nova Pilbeam has to portray a girlish daffodil taking the winds of March with shrinking beauty, and does so in a manner to make us glad when the winds abate and the sun of true love belatedly shines.

LOOKERS ON, they say, see most of the game, and the brisk, explanatory coda at the end of the last act, which throws its fierce but revealing light on words, deeds, and motives that till then have masked their true significance from the puzzled family on the stage, confirms such suspicions of Mrs. Russell's pathological egotism as we, speculating in the darkened auditorium, have already harboured. The turret room, however, remained an architectural puzzle to the last.



Olivia (Sonia Dresdel), tired of the limitations of her suburban life, decides to try pastures new when she meets Austen Penrose, her husband's boss (Owen Reynolds). On the right is Marion Fawcett as Mrs. Holmes



Olivia has scant sympathy with her rather pathetic husband, Arthur (Lyonel Watts), who loves nuthatches and woodpeckers and constantly irritates his brilliant wife with his ineffectual attempts to win her affection. On the left is John Bryning as Terry, Olivia's son



Olivia Russell (Sonia Dresdel) has little time for her husband (Lyonel Watts). In every way she seeks to undermine his self-respect

A Modern Hedda Gabler

Frustration—Treachery—Murder
in "This Was a Woman"

● *This Was a Woman*, which was first tried out at the "Q" Theatre under the title *The Dark Potential*, gives Sonia Dresdel one of her first important parts on the West End stage. The play has an Ibsenish flavour. The search for power which leads Olivia Russell (Sonia Dresdel) to destroy all with whom she comes into contact provides strong meat for this fine young actress, and she takes hold of every opportunity offered with both hands; giving a dramatic and finely restrained performance. The play was written by Joan Morgan and is directed by Henry Kendall for Mr. Jack de Leon and the Marcel Hellman Productions



With her husband murdered, Olivia turns her charms on to his former employer (Owen Reynolds). It is a great blow to her pride when her overtures are repulsed



Olivia welcomes her two children (Nova Pilbeam and John Bryning) home from a holiday. Upstairs their father is dying by Olivia's hand, but this knowledge is kept from them. She seeks to charm them with an affected joy at having them at home again



Even the maid is brought into Olivia's scheme. She encourages the girl (Shelagh Fraser) to make love to her daughter's husband (Grey Blake), already estranged from his wife through Olivia's machinations

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Wedding

THE wedding of King Peter of Yugoslavia and Princess Alexandra of Greece was one of real wartime simplicity. The ceremony was held in the ballroom of the Yugoslav Embassy, without any of the pomp and ceremony of a peacetime royal wedding, although the room was full of Royalty, headed by our own beloved King and Queen, with King Haakon of Norway, King George of Greece, Queen Wilhelmina, Prince Bernhard, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Aspasia of Greece, mother of the bride, and Prince Tomislav and Prince Andrei, brothers of the bridegroom. There were no flowers in the room, no music during the ceremony, and no bridesmaids. The bride, who is dark and petite, looked radiant in her white satin wedding dress, worn with a lovely lace veil held in place by a small spray of white flowers. His Majesty the King acted as best man to his godson, King Peter, who was wearing the uniform of the Yugoslav Air Force, and the King of Greece gave away the bride. Our Queen, who was one of the witnesses, looked charming in a pretty fuchsia-coloured frock worn under a fur cape, with a small hat with a feather-covered crown. The Duchess of Kent also wore a feather-trimmed hat with her lovely printed frock. After the wedding Queen Alexandra went away for her brief honeymoon in a beautiful mink coat over her frock, but wore no hat, a new fashion for brides.

The Queen's Sympathy

SEVERAL of the Household were unfortunate enough to lose their homes, or, at any rate, to suffer some blitz damage, in a recent raid. One or two of these, like Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, who sustained minor injuries and cuts, and Mrs. Murray, recently married daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Hardinge, have already been referred to in an earlier issue; others included Sir Alan Lascelles, the King's Private Secretary, who had a narrow escape, and Sir Godfrey Thomas, Private Secretary to the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Both Lady Lascelles and Lady Thomas were among the fortunate ones who escaped without a scratch. News of the incident was brought to the Queen—His Majesty was not in London that night—and immediately Her Majesty gave orders for everyone of the Household to be brought to the Palace, where hasty preparations were made for them to spend the night.

Old Traditions

THERE can be little doubt that His Majesty delights in the old customs and ceremonies of our country. He has an extraordinarily retentive memory, and with his world-wide experience he could, if he were inclined, write a very comprehensive and authoritative treatise on the subject. In the course of his own royal duties, the King has a surprisingly varied number of ancient customs to observe, and, added to this, he is frequently asked by local enthusiasts,



Married in London

Lt. A. E. M. Raynsford, R.N., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. M. Raynsford, of Milton Manor, Northampton, married Miss Joan Rosemary Wakefield, daughter of Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P., and Mrs. Wakefield, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

especially in peacetime, to observe some ceremony traditional of the neighbourhood; once having carried out such a ceremony the King never forgets the details, even after the lapse of many years. Members of his staff had evidence of this a short time ago when His Majesty found himself at the ancient city of Oakham, in Rutland. At the start of a long day's programme, he surprised officials accompanying him by ordering his car to drive not to the point where his first call was to be made, but instead to Oakham Castle, where he carried out the first stage of the "ceremony of the horseshoe," a ritual dating back to Tudor times, and of which several in the Royal party had not even heard.

(Continued on page 394)



Royal Wedding: King Peter of Yugoslavia and Princess Alexandra of Greece

King Peter married Princess Alexandra at the Yugoslav Embassy in London on March 20th. Archbishop Germanos, of the Greek Orthodox Church, and Archpriest Zivoin Ristanovitch, Chaplain to King Peter, officiated

The King, in the uniform of Field-Marshal, arrived at the Embassy with the Queen. His Majesty, who is godfather to King Peter, acted as his best man at the wedding

King George of Greece gave away the bride. The King of Norway, the Queen of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent were also at the ceremony



Above are Mr. Adrian Farquhar, Major and Mrs. Francis Borthwick, the bride's parents, and Mrs. Harold Farquhar, mother of the bridegroom



The bride wore her great-aunt's wedding dress of heavy satin brocade. She was given away by her father

Wedding Reception

Capt. I. R. Farquhar Marries
Miss M. E. Borthwick
in London

Photographs by Swaebe



The bride and bridegroom cut the wartime wedding-cake



Lady Willa Elliot was with her sister, Lady Bridget Elliot, who is to be married in April



F/Lt. the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry were with Mr. Ian Coates

Capt. Ian Rupert Farquhar, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Farquhar, and Miss Margaret Eugène Borthwick, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Borthwick, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. The reception was held at the Savoy Hotel



Together at the reception were Mr. Peter Diggle, Mrs. Gregory Hood, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon and Major Peter Winnington



Here are Capt. Bryan Johnston, Capt. Lord Vaughan, Lady Vaughan and Capt. George Doughy

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Ceremony of the Horseshoe

At the Castle, now turned into a local museum, there is a collection of horseshoes, each presented by a reigning monarch or a peer of the realm who has visited Oakham. The first was given by Queen Elizabeth, who, among her many peregrinations around England, stayed at least one night at the Castle, leaving her horseshoe as a memento of her stay and inaugurating a custom that has been observed ever since. Most of the famous names in English history are on the list, and include many of His Majesty's ancestors, his father, King George V., among them. This visit was His Majesty's first to the Castle as King, and his second horseshoe—



Aid to China

Mme. Phang, lecturer and hon. secretary of the Ladies' Committee of the United Aid to China Fund, and her daughter, Mme. Mong Ping Lee, were selling flags on London's Aid to China flag-day



Lunching Out

W/Cdr. Roland Norman was caught by the camera after lunching with his wife one day in London. He was recently with the British Military Mission in Russia, and married Miss Peggy Johnson

his first was sent following a visit as Duke of York—will now be added to the collection.

Newmarket Dance

THE White Lodge Hospital at Newmarket is once again going to benefit in a substantial way from the splendid efforts of Miss Anne Nettlefold, who organised an excellent dance in aid of the hospital "theatre fund" recently. Last year she raised £200 by the dance she ran for the hospital's funds, and this year it is hoped the total will be even greater. Capt. George Harker, of the 4/7th Dragoon Guards, worked very hard as auctioneer during an interval, and eventually succeeded in raising over £20 for one bottle of whisky, which was given back to be resold twice. Mrs. Nettlefold brought a party of young people to support her daughter's dance; these included her other daughters, and her son, who was repatriated from Germany last autumn after being badly

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, MARCH 29, 1944

wounded. Other young people enjoying the evening were Miss Billy Lambton, the very tall daughter of the Hon. George Lambton, who had abandoned her Land Army uniform for a bright red dinner-dress, and was dancing with one of the many American officers present; Miss Daphne Gaskell, who works at the hospital, and was looking very pretty in midnight blue; Miss Babs Lewis, dark and vivacious, enjoying herself thoroughly—she is a niece of the late Lord Glanely and takes a keen interest in racing, too; and Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, who had brought a party from their home at Balsham. Mrs. John Grey and Mrs. Keith Cameron, two young marrieds who are successfully running their respective farms in Gloucestershire while their husbands are serving with the Army overseas, were staying with friends for the dance. Mrs. Grey, who had a pack of hounds in Ireland before the war, is a sister-in-law of the Countess of Harrington.



Coming-Out Dance

Here is Miss Georgette Hart, a cousin of the Venezuelan Ambassador, dancing with Capt. John Whittaker, Welsh Guards. Her mother, Mrs. Gloria Pocatererra de Hart, gave a dance for her at Claridge's



Christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Philippa Rachel Mary Thursby-Pelham, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Thursby-Pelham, was christened in London recently. She is seen here in her mother's arms, and with them are the godparents, the Hon. Morys Bruce (proxy for Capt. J. J. Gurney), Miss Joan Mowat and Miss Ann Grindlay

News from the North

TALL and handsome Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the Prime Minister's first cousin, is a very striking personality; recently she has been staying with Sir Kay and Lady Muir at their lovely Perthshire home, Blair Drummond. It was not just a social visit, as while there Mrs. Sheridan attended meetings and lectures in Edinburgh, which were centred around the presentation of her recent piece of sculpture. This is a bust of Mr. Churchill, in bronze, which has been presented to the City Chambers by Lord Bruntisfield, who himself is intimately connected with the neighbourhood, and, indeed, has taken the name of his peerage from the property which he owns only a few miles from the northern capital. The bust has been set up in the Council Chamber, Mrs. Sheridan being entertained by the Lord Provost, Sir William Darling, before the ceremony. Sir Kay and Lady Muir have been taking a week's rest at Nairn. They had intended coming to London instead of Nairn, but as Sir Kay's engagements

(Concluded on page 408)

"Tunisian Victory"

A Film Premiere at the Odeon,
Leicester Square



Gen. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force



Gen. Sir Colville and Lady Wemyss and Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman

Jointly produced by British and American service film units, *Tunisian Victory* is an official record, carrying on the story of a brilliant campaign from where its forerunner, *Desert Victory*, left off. The opening performance of the picture at the Odeon was attended by Gen. Eisenhower, and many other officers of the Allied forces



Major-Gen. Lord Burnham, Director of Public Relations, War Office, and Lady Burnham



Brig. R. E. Laycock, Chief of Combined Operations, and Mrs. Laycock



Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder and his daughter, Miss Tedder



Admiral Sir Charles Kennedy-Purvis and Lady Kennedy-Purvis



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard and Lady Trenchard



Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke and Captain Charlesworth



M. Gusev, Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Winant, U.S. Ambassador, and Gen. Peabody

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE ghost of her Grace of Cleveland, Charles II's girl friend, failed to play up to the Fleet Street boys by appearing at the recent auction-sale at Walpole House on Chiswick Mall, we observed. The wayward Duchess notoriously haunts the house, but is evidently not crazy about journalists, and who shall blame her?

At Walpole House—Miss Pinkerton's Academy in *Vanity Fair*—her Grace, we've been told by an old Chiswick aboriginal, doesn't wring her hands or moan or gibber like some female ghosts. She wears the high curly *fontange* of the period and drifts round vaguely like a mist, looking for somebody—probably Charles II, or Rochester or Buckhurst, or one of the boys. If Walpole House belonged to us we'd have her unquiet shade decently exorcised right away and put to rest, but the Island Race would rather be haunted by a dead Duchess than none at all, so we guess La Belle Cleveland will hang round as long as there's a house-agent in London, being counted among the fixtures and fittings.

Cure

THE cure for ghost-snobs, incidentally, is to put them into a bear garden like that celebrated country rectory (? Borley) which baffles the Psychic Research boys, where noisy poltergeists and elementals and minor demons sling missiles and yell all night long. After that they wouldn't mind being haunted by the humblest J.P., we dare aver.

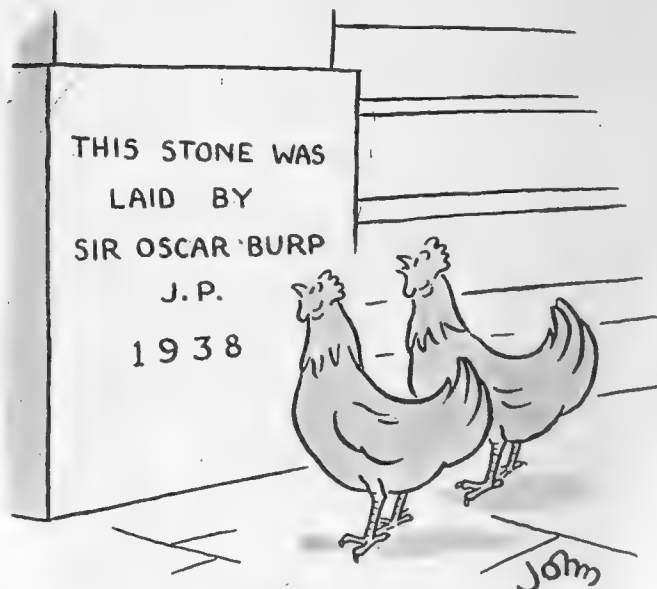
Sniff

NOTHING could smell less like Parma violets to us than that new Landru-Bluebeard murder-mystery which is exciting Paris—the case of the 27 ladies' torsos just discovered in a cellar near the Arc de Triomphe.

Our suspicious deduction is that the murky Laval is up to no good. As you may have noticed, the essence of scientific modern politics, when in a jam or about to spring something tough, is to divert the ham-faced citizenry's attention, pro tem, with a juicy front-page murder-mystery, police and newspaper boys co-operating (a cynical scribbler some time ago remarked how useful the recurring Brighton trunk-murders were to our own Government in their day). By the time the whoops have faded from Page One to the Back Page of the *Daily Snoop*—such is the theory—you know the politicians are all set and ready for play again. What the original Landru case (1919) may have been masking we don't know. Clemenceau and two other seasoned old political trustees were juggling at Versailles with Europe's destiny at the time, God forgive them.

Footnote

HENRI-DÉSIRÉ LANDRU'S score was nine proved murders out of some 280 known cases of relieving impressionable



"I don't believe it, Ethel!"

ladies of their money. He was a second-hand furniture dealer in Neuilly when he struck out on his Big Business career. A magnificent blue-black beard and the usual magnetic eyes were among his assets, and Landru had a pretty sense of humour also. One of his early victims peeped into Bluebeard's attic and saw a pile of women's clothing. "It belonged," Landru explained with a tremolo sob, "to . . . my dear mother. I go in there sometimes . . . to weep." And he did.

Keep your eye on Slogger Laval, the charm-boy with the white cravat of a stainless life.

Fracas

BEHIND that curious and expensive new Hollywood headache *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* lie a thousand *crises de nerfs*, if we know anything of the film-racket.

Naturally unable to let a good Arabian Nights story alone, the script-boys' struggle to get an anti-Fascist twist on it must have meant some frightful conferences, with the big boys going half crazy.

"Izzy?"

"Well, Joe, my angle is it's like this, say this guy Ali Baba he's the big shot in some underground movement, see, and the Nazis are laying for him—well, I guess I don't mean the Nazis, I mean the other guys, the Fascists, and maybe there's some hot baby she doublecrosses this Alibi guy, I mean Ali—"

"Say, Joe, lookit, there's a big idea now if we were maybe to call it Alibi Baby!"

"Well, to all the goddam lousy phoney angles—"

"Lissun, Izzy! LISS-sun, Joe—"

"Yeah, Alibi Baby, some idea, I'll say it is, uh, huh, maybe that baby she sues him for liable—". (*Uproar*)

"Aw go cut yourself a slice of throat!"

"Say, you maybe wanna take a poke at me?"

"Sure I'll take a poke at you." (*Wham*)

"Okay, brother!" (*Wham*)

"Hell, now you got Joe an' Izzy cryin' again!" (etc.)

Hysteria generally intervenes before the conference-room becomes a free-for-all, and the boys stagger out, drawn and white and speechless, to think up something else by

(Concluded on page 398)



"Has your band been on the air before?"



The Richard Hearnés at Platt Farm

Actor's Country Home

Richard Hearne, Leading Comedian and Kentish Farmer,
with His Wife and Family

● The well-known comedian, Richard Hearne, now playing a leading role in *Panama Hattie* at the Piccadilly Theatre, in private life is a keen and efficient fruit-farmer, and owner of some 170 acres in Kent. Shortly before the war he bought Platt Farm at Borough Green, with its derelict, fourteenth-century house and outbuildings, which he has since transformed into a comfortable and attractive home for himself and his family. Mrs. Hearne was Yvonne Ortner, the actress, and is a member of the well-known Paul family of Exeter. Thirty-six-year-old Richard Hearne first went on the stage at the age of six; his mother was a dramatic actress and his father an acrobatic clown. He has played in circus, pantomime, revue, and for the last ten years in musical comedy, and is the author of sketches for the theatre, and of ghost stories and plays for the radio



Sawing wood in the barn is one of Richard Hearnés many jobs before leaving for his work at the theatre

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The two little girls are Cetra Monica May, aged seventeen months, and Sarah Louise, who is five months old



In the hall, Mrs. Hearne, herself a talented performer, gives Cetra a piano lesson

Standing By ...

(Continued)

11 p.m. The shirts may be silk but the hearts are broken.

Doom

WHEN the Municipality of Florence built those railway-yards, recently bombed, less than half a mile from Santa Maria Novella they were not to know that the Brothers Wright were some time later to invent the first heavier-than-air machine. But even then you'd think some Florentine student of Leonardo's drawings might have suggested that this harmless toy was bound to be taken up again and used in warfare, as Nostradamus actually predicted.

However, fifty-to-a-hundred years ago the ædiles of Florence were probably as fat, rosy, complacent and stupid as the ædiles of Leeds. Progress was the thing. Progress had already removed the only possible threat to the life and treasures of Florence—another plague like the one of 1348, of which Santa Maria Novella was the celebrated reminder (for it was in this tall, cool, enormous Dominican church that Boccaccio's seven Dominican dames met one Tuesday morning after hearing Mass, with the plague at its height, and resolved to fly the stricken city with three gracious youths of their acquaintance). So the Municipality built their railway-yards, 500 yards away from the principal jewel of Florence, barring the Duomo, and their successors now know all about it.

Oddly enough, one of the thousands of cultured British spinsters who infested Florence before the war and terrified Arnold Bennett confided to us in the year 1925 in Santa Maria Novella, where she was copying figures in a Donatello fresco, that she felt "uneasy" about Florence. Just a feeling of "something overhanging," she said, being somewhat psychic. She didn't ask us to fly with her.

Change

BY electing Munnings, R.A., to the Presidency, the Royal Academy fathers proclaim a new policy with regard to horses, one of the Chelsea boys was telling us.

"The public," he said, "is sick of being fooled every year regularly at Burlington House by hundreds of canvases which from a distance look like portraits of horses, but are not. As our leading equine portraitist, Munnings can now stop this, and, please Heaven, will." He added that this reform need not necessarily exclude a proportion of portraits of well-known dowagers and Mayfair hostesses, which can be deftly touched up a bit by the President, if need be, on Varnishing Day, and given titles à la Landseer, thus:

"The Pride of the Paddock: Mrs. Goldenkranz in Pensive Mood."

"Munch, Munch! The Hon. Mrs. Mandrill Accepts a Carrot from a Sporting Friend."

"Ware Wire! Miss Virginia Haybag Refuses a Fence."

Elderly and romantic R.A.s. will naturally seize on such subjects as "The Arab's Farewell to Mrs. Faughaghton-Fossicks," a desert scene with plenty of sandy foreground, which is very easy to paint, or "Home's Best," showing Lady Gowle hanging her face over a stable half-door. We shall see.

Offering

A SOUR citizen complaining to the papers about rentals or whatnot seemed to imply that estate-agents were devoid alike of romance, interest, and beauty. This seemed to us to show such a pathetic lack of spiritual perception that we are determined to recite to you a little piece we composed some time ago on this theme, dedicated to the Estate-Agents' Association and later set to music (so a chap told us) by Delius.

NOCTURNE.

Night and Sleep have closed the merry

Eyes of Robins, Snell & Terry,
Marble-still are now the handsome

Pans of Turner, Lord & Ransome,*

And Oblivion softly, subtly
Murmurs to Knight, Frank & Rutley:

Rest!

On the lids of Tattersalls

Like a kiss the starlight falls;

Soon the healing darkness cloaks

All the dreams of Stokes & Stokes:

Rest!



"He used to send me flowers on my birthday—now look!"

Good judges tell us this is better than a somewhat similar night-piece by a poet called Gertie. We repeated this to a leading critic and he said crossly "Gertie Myfoot!" We find there is no wellknown poet called Gertie Myfoot.

Magnet

PONDERING on the madness of women, a recent thinker did the late Rudolph Valentino less than justice, we thought. Valentino was neither a guttersnipe nor a gigolo. Rodolfo Guglielmi, unruly son of a provincial Italian vet., pushed off to America by his respectable family at 19, temporary jobbing gardener, car-washer, odd-job man, tango dancing-partner, long-time Hollywood "extra," was already a mark for starving tigresses when *The Four Horsemen* gave him his chance. After that his valets had to keep grabbing women out of his wardrobes, out of his luggage, out of his hair, from under his bed, from under the bonnets of his cars. The fantastic public orgies at his funeral were brilliantly organised by Hollywood's publicity boys, and America's Girl Sweetheart, prostrate in black georgette, gave the front-page performance of her life. We don't see how Valentino can be blamed to any extent for mass-hysteria in two hemispheres. He just happened to be the First in the Racket.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I can't think what I wouldn't do for some tinned grape-fruit or an enormous box of candies just now!"

Chief of Britain's Air Defence

Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, K.C.B., M.C., A.F.C.



A Walk with
Lady Hill and
His Dog, Choppy



The organisation responsible for the air defence of this country is now known as Air Defence of Great Britain, a name used by the forerunner of Fighter Command until 1937. Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill has been appointed to command this force, directing our defence against air attack both by night and day. A pioneer of aviation, he won the M.C. for diving under heavy fire on an enemy balloon in France during the last war, since when he has done much daring and secret experimental work. In charge of experimental flying at Farnborough for five years, and responsible for the creation of the Cairo-Bagdad air route, he became A.O.C. the R.A.F. in Palestine and the Trans-Jordan in 1936, going to the Air Ministry two years later; in his capacity of technician and engineer-specialist, he was first Director of Technical Development and later Director-General of Research and Development. Before his appointment as Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College last July, he was a member of the British Air Mission in Washington. Sir Roderic Hill, who received the K.C.B. in the New Year Honours List, is married and has a son and two daughters

"The Song of Bernadette"

Based on the Miracle of Lourdes, as Related by Czech Novelist Franz Werfel in His Romance of Faith



While gathering firewood near the River Gave, Bernadette, a poor village girl (Jennifer Jones), sees a vision—a young and beautiful Lady. Bernadette kneels; makes the sign of the Cross and tells her beads



The Vision appears six times to Bernadette, but most people deride the story. The Lourdes authorities are sceptical and Bernadette is summoned to the office of Dutour, the Imperial Prosecutor (Vincent Price), who tells her the Vision is just a childish dream and orders her never to visit the Grotto again

● The *Song of Bernadette* was written by the famous Czech novelist Franz Werfel. Werfel, fleeing from the Nazis, spent some months as a refugee in Lourdes. There he became acquainted with the story of Bernadette Soubirous, the simple peasant girl of Lourdes who saw "The Lady" in the now world-famous, health-giving Grotto. When he arrived in America early in 1941 Werfel set out to tell the world, through the medium of the cinema, the story of Bernadette. *The Song of Bernadette* is the result. The film opened at the New Gallery on Monday last, and critics everywhere are acclaiming the wonderful performance of Jennifer Jones in the title-role. Jennifer was nominated best actress of 1943 and given an Academy Award for her performance. Her story was told in our issue last week



Two only remain—young Antoine Nicolau (William Eythe) and poor, half-blind Bouriette (Sig Ruman). They see a trickle of water emerge from the earth. Bouriette rubs some water on his eyes and claims that he can see. The miracle has come to pass



The news spreads, and Croisine (Edith Barrett) and Charles Bouhouhorts (Manart Kippen) bring their crippled and dying baby to the Grotto. The child is immersed in the icy water and becomes well



In spite of Dutour's orders, Bernadette continues to visit the Grotto. On her seventh visit, the Lady says, "Let processions come here." Bernadette tells the story to Peyramale, Dean of Lourdes (Charles Bickford), but he is unbelieving. He demands a miracle, and asks that a rose-bush may bloom in the Grotto in February



News of this miracle travels through France. When Bernadette visits the Grotto for the fifteenth and last time, the surrounding hills are covered with pilgrims. Bernadette denies that she is a "Holy One"—she has merely seen a Lady who said "I am the Immaculate Conception"



Anticipating a miracle, a huge procession comes to the Grotto. The rose-bush, however, does not bloom. Instead, Bernadette, at a word from the Lady, kneels down and washes her hands and face with the earth the Vision has said is a spring. In disgust, many of the crowd leave, believing they have been duped



Peyramale realises that Bernadette is destined to consecrate the remainder of her life to God and arranges for her to enter upon her novitiate. In time she takes the veil, but in a very few years she dies. As she dies, Peyramale whispers prophetically, "Your life begins, O Bernadette!"



Conversation Piece

The Last Friday in March . . . Once Upon a Time

By Snaffles

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Salute the Soldier—With Both Hands!

Oh! Tommy, Tommy Atkins,
You're a good 'un, heart and hand,
A credit to your country,
And to all your native land!

Distressful!

WHEN Brian Boru Boruma Boroma, or Borhoime, was King of Ireland in the early part of the eleventh century, it was a masterful man he was, fond of hunting (didn't he live at Tara, in the heart of the Meath country?), eating, drinking and fighting—principally fighting—and no one could stand agin him, not even the Danes, who were the Huns of that period, for they were always on the smash and grab, and thought that they could include Ireland in the bag of the rest of the world. They did not, however, know Brian's form. He beat the lights and livers out of them twenty-five times, and died fighting at Clontarf, which, as many voyagers know, is quite close to Dublin. He might not have died even then, if the Danish Admiral, Bruadair, had not pulled a fast one on him, and caught him unarmed in his tent. The Admiral hit him a skelp over the head with his battle-axe, quite enough to knock most people cold; but not so Brian, for, snatching a sword from his under-footman, he cut off the Admiral's right leg with one swipe, his left foot with another, and finally his head with a third. He then sliced the Admiral's Flag Captain into two bits. This is what Mr. Churchill had in mind when he referred (with emotion) to the fighting qualities of the people, who do not seem to be as clever at spotting the Bad Men in their midst as was valiant Old Brian Boru. He was nearly ninety when he did this nice little bit of sword-play.

Still Living

BRIAN BORU is just as much alive in Ireland to-day as is Cromwell, a person whom many of us on this side of the Irish Sea disliked intensely, and the Fairies, those mischievous



R.A.F. Officers and Their Pets

Three R.A.F. officers, members of a Fighter squadron, F/Lt. J. Rhind, F/Lt. B. Thirle and F/O. R. D. Moore, were photographed at their station with their dogs, Mac, Popsy and Flaps

Little People, who still pull Thady, Micky and Timeen Muldoon out of their ass-carts when driving home from the fair in the blackness of the night and leave stretched for dead on the hard high road. Brian's indomitable fighting spirit has survived in his descendants and will never die. "He met with a friend, and for love knocked him down with his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green," sang an Irish bard of another hero. I never grasped what the shamrock had to do with the incident,



Rackets: Oxford v. Cambridge

Barry Thursfield (Oxford), former Winchester cricketer and Public Schools Rackets' winner of 1943, meets Ian Mitchell (Cambridge), who captained the Harrow XI. Both are University Naval Division cadet ratings

but never mind! It is just typical of that combative spirit which, alas, is sometimes so misdirected. If the Irish had been ordered to keep the German Minister and make him Master of the Meath, and his nasty little Yellow Friend kennelman of that same, it is any calculable odds on that they would have taken the pair of them, chucked them into Dublin Bay, and invited them to swim home.

Another Injustice

"H'E's a horse and three-quarters!" says I, quite innocently, when I got off him after the big end of an hour of bliss unalloyed over the cream of Meath. "And *why* wouldn't he be?" promptly said a rich and mellow brogue. "He's an Irishman! Ye don't have 'um bred like that in England!" It would have been just silly to say that there were some on our side also. The Brian Boru spirit again! Why would an Irish

(Concluded on page 404)



Congratulations for Mr. A. J. Munnings

Mr. A. J. Munnings shook hands with Mr. E. Vincent Harris after his election as President of the Royal Academy in succession to the late Sir Edwin Lutyens. Other Royal Academicians in the picture include Mr. F. W. Elwell, Mr. Stanley Anderson, Mrs. Dod Procter, Dame Laura Knight, Sir W. Reid Dick, Mr. R. G. Brundrit, Mr. Sydney Lee and Mr. Charles Gore



Fox-Hunting in Worcestershire

The Croome Hunt met recently at the Fox Inn, Bransford. At the meet were Mr. T. R. Jones, Mr. Langham Miller, Joint-Master of the Croome; Fred Rimell, the steeplechase jockey; Mrs. Langham Miller and Mr. Ken Farr, hon. Huntsman

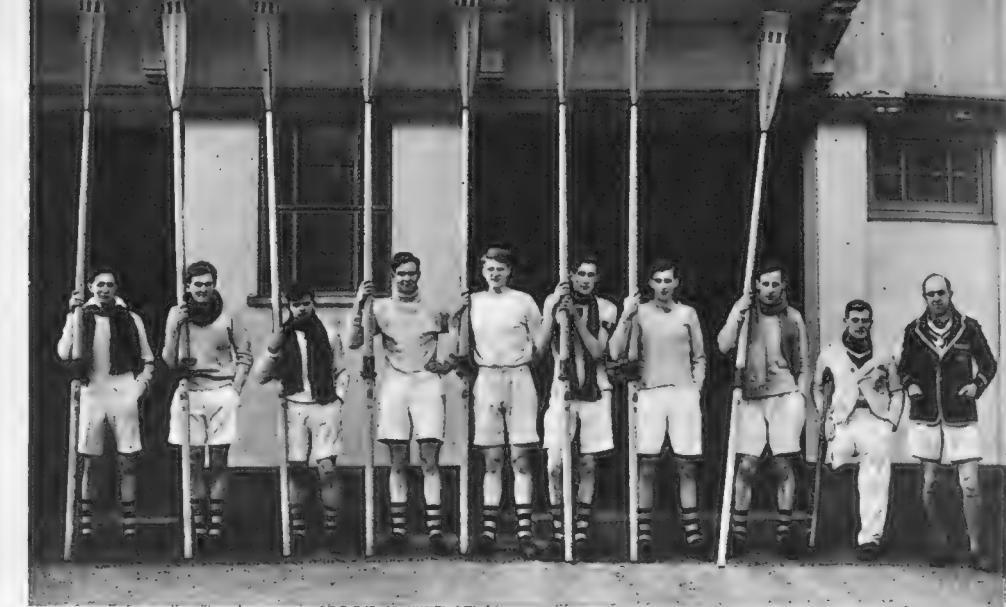
Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

dealer rather give you the horse than have you take him at the price he first bid you? Why would he hate to miss telling you how the animal threw the banks behind him last "Chewsday" and jumped the Liffey the week before that? The latter probably quite true, because there are places where a one-legged man can do it, just the same as there are where the Whissendine, the Braunston, the Rosy, and other chasms are concerned! Brian again! Why did a famous Irish regiment, which Kipling called "The Black Tyrone," get to the verge of mutiny when it found that it was not in orders for a certain flare-up on the North-West Frontier of India? Things got so edgy that the Powers As Was had, in the end, to send them, when they at once turned over and behaved like cock angels; but the *Dusmán*, or enemy, did not think of them that way! Brian yet once again! When another Person who suffered from Exaggerated Ego was threatening to invade the British Isles in 1803, the Colonel of this grand regiment, though eighty-two, at once wrote to the Adjutant-General of the time, saying that, though he was deaf and infirm, he was ready to fight again. The name of that gallant officer was General John Reid; the date of his letter December 6th, 1803, and it may still be in the archives of the Horse-Guards. His name, of course, was really Brian Borhoime!

How Long?

THE answer is quite simple: for just so long as the German armies will consent to go on being mishandled by an Incompetent Amateur. Von Brauchitsch told him what he was, and was sacked for his pains, and thereupon promptly started to plan a putsch to eliminate Hitler, and thereafter to pull the wool over the eyes of the Allies whilst he got ready for the Third World War; Von Fritzsche also told Hitler not to attack Russia, and was murdered (in action); Von Bock found it impossible to compete with Hitler's "intuitions"—he has never been heard of again; Von Kluge (and there are some others), all quite ready to fall in with Von Brauchitsch's "plan," if we are such fools as to let them. Manstein may be next on the list. There remain Von Keitel, the Yes-Man, Von Zeitzler, the present White-Haired Boy No. 2, ready to sell his leader up the garden-path whenever the moment appears propitious; Von Rundstedt, bosom pal of Von Brauchitsch, and Rommel, White-Haired Boy No. 1, whom the others dislike and mistrust. A nice team! It is, however, Private Johann



The London University Imperial College Eight

Imperial College beat the Cambridge University second crew, "Goldie," by a third of a mile over a course of a mile and a half, from Hammersmith Bridge to the University Stone, Putney. The Imperial College crew: D. Mitchell, D. A. Rolt, B. F. Middleton, G. W. Bellman, D. N. McLellan, D. Trumpy, E. J. Cove, J. N. Eldeen (stroke), J. F. Levy (cox)

Schmidt who is going to say the last word. He is certain to say it, and he may do so quite soon. As to the Yellow Man, the mishandling is even more flagrant. We are beginning to see the harvest of an eccentric attack.

Paranoia

THE undoctored" amongst us know this disease as exaggerated ego. It affects both the clever and also those who think that they are—more violently, I believe, the latter, with whom it takes the form of an inferiority complex. In view of the imminence of an Egotist inflicting upon us apologia pro vita sua, it may be useful to collect a few of the sayings of another Corporal, who, in the end, was overwhelmed by the exuberance of his own verbosity, but who, at any rate, was better entitled to believe that his name would linger in the memory of man than is the other Corporal, who was a mess waiter, and who is doomed to sink into the place from which he came. The only similarity between these twain is their fondness for the first personal pronoun. We have had many a taste since 1933 of the Mess Waiter's bombast, and he has gone far beyond anything that the original Petit Caporal ever did, for he has proclaimed himself a Deity; but many of the sayings of the one who was not an ersatz military genius and did not win battles by "intuitions," so

closely fit the fustian hero that it is felt that they may come in handy when the latter delivers his funeral oration from The Dock. Here are some, gathered completely at random: "I am the State. . . ." "Even if I had done wrong, you should not have reproached me in public; people wash their dirty linen at home. . . ." "A man like me is always either a god or a devil. . . ." "Nothing has been more simple than my elevation! It was not the result of intrigue or crime. . . ." "In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. . . ." "They will say: 'It is true that he raised himself to the highest pinnacle of glory, but to obtain it he has committed many crimes.' I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. . . ." "If I remain long without doing anything I am done. . . ." "My power depends upon my glory and my glory upon the victories I have gained. My power will fall if I do not base it on fresh glories and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can enable me to maintain my position. . . ." "I made war certainly, of this there is no doubt. But in almost every instance I was either forced to it or I had some great political object in view. . . ." "England is everywhere, and the struggle is between her and me."



Major Victor Parr and Mrs. Cecil Lavery watched Capt. H. de Burgh's Prince Blackthorn win the Leopardstown 'Chase



The Hon. Faith French, sister of Lord de Freyne, was in the paddock with Miss Maureen Smith



Lady Rathdonnell brought her young son and heir, Thomas. He is five and a half, and it was his first race-meeting



Lt. J. R. de Sales La Terriere, Scots Greys, escorted his sister, Tara. She is a subaltern in the A.T.S.

Leopardstown Races, Dublin. Prince Blackthorn Wins the Big Race

Poole, Dublin

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Coastal Force

Front row: Lt. F. E. McVie, D.S.C., R.N., Act. T/Lt.-Cdr. T. N. Cartwright, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. D. Ritchie, D.S.C., R.N. Back row: T/Lts. R. M. Barge, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., E. D. Leaf, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., D. Rigg, R.N.V.R., M. Arnold-Forster, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

Right, front row: Capt. D. R. Thompson, L. H. Brunnen, Major S. J. Murphy, a Brigadier, Lt.-Col. J. M. S. Tulloch, H.R.H. Princess Royal, Major G. St. L. King, a Brigadier, Major F. D. Thorpe, Capt. R. J. Harvey, B. Brooke-Thompson. Middle row: Lt. (TMO) L. H. Brown, Lt. D. K. Hewitt, Capt. (Rev.) B. R. Isaac, F. Domone, K. A. Hall, W. C. Jackson, L. A. Mills, Lt. (QM.) E. T. G. Waite, Lts. D. W. Ward, R. H. Noxon. Back row: 2nd Lts. H. Tillyard, M.M., J. O. Wolstenholme, G. A. Bridge, O. H. E. Davies, J. Loudon, D. F. L. Davies, G. Hay



Officers and Men of No. 1 Squadron

Front row: F/O.s J. R. Campbell, J. F. Higham, F/Lt. J. S. Chown, S/Ldr. A. Zweigbergk (Officer Commanding), F/Lt. D. P. Perrin, D.F.C., F/O. R. A. Miller, F/Lt. B. M. Heap. Back row: F/O.s R. G. Baker, G. King, C. H. Watson, H. T. Jackson, F/Sgt. A. H. Browne, W/O.s G. Hardie, D. Fairbair, F/Sgts. L. Gray, H. Bletcher, F/O. J. Wiley, F/Sgts. C. Devey, S. D. Cunningham, F/Lt. H. Wilkinson, F/O. J. McCullough, S/Ldr. Sinclair, D.F.C., F/O. A. R. Scrope-Davies, P/O. L. Ball



The Princess Royal with Officers of a Corps Signals, Home Forces



D. R. Stuart

Staff of a Royal Naval Hospital Sick Quarters

Front row: Miss O. Richards, Q.A.R.N.N.S., (R) Surg-Cdr. W. H. Roberts, R.N.V.R., Miss A. Broadfoot, Q.A.R.N.N.S. Back row: Miss Saunders, Surg.-Lt. F. J. Shaw, R.N.V.R., Miss MacClean, Surg.-Lt. Payne, R.N.V.R., Miss Paterson, Surg.-Lt. Dorrell, R.N.V.R., Miss Kennedy, Surg. Lt.-Cdr. (D) Major, R.N.V.R.



Hill, Saunderson

Headquarters Staff of an A.A. Brigade Somewhere in England

Front row: Capt. T. I. A. Macdougall, S/Comd. the Countess of Brecknock, A.T.S., Major G. H. Medlicott, the Commanding Officer, Major E. J. Turner, J/Comd. Maclean of Ardgour, A.T.S., Capt. D. S. Reay. Back row: Lt. G. F. Stead, 2nd Sub. J. K. Grover, A.T.S., Lts. F. A. Smith, G. D. Jones-Thomas, J/Comd. V. Walker, A.T.S., Lt. T. Girtin

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Who Am I?

THE opening chapters of *Without Orders*, by Martha Albrand (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), reminded me of a Pirandello play: it seemed appropriate that the story should be set in Italy. The theme on which the Italian dramatist strung his succession of actionless melodramas might have been called "Thinking makes it so." A lunatic compels the people round him to enter and almost believe in the world of his own ideas; or, equally, a sane individual can gradually be forced by the people round him into believing himself to be what he is not. Reality, in those plays, is subjective only. Pirandello did succeed in suggesting that common sense is a matter of public opinion. Even for the sense of one's own identity one is, more than one knows, dependent on other people—originally, the infant learns who he is by being informed repeatedly by his nurse and relations that he is little Johnnie Brown; he accepts this idea, he builds up his world on it, and he soon informs every newcomer that he is Johnnie Brown. Nobody disagrees with him, all goes well, and in this untroubled conviction he moves through life towards the grave to be inscribed "Johnnie Brown." But supposing first one person, then another, then finally everyone whom he came across were to round on him, challenge his statement, and say: "How do you know *who* you are? Why should *we* believe you are Johnnie Brown? Very well, go on: prove it"—might not our hero find himself at a loss? "Well, I have always thought so," would be a lame reply.

Fortunately, in the hero of *Without Orders*, the sense of identity is obstinate. Charles Barrett wakes up, one fine morning, at the disadvantage of not knowing where he is, how he came here, or what had happened the day before—or, in fact, for an unspecified space of time. He has been recalled to consciousness by the nostalgic sound of a church bell. Tearing aside the window-curtains, he looks out—on an old and beautifully laid-out Italian park, dark-pointed with cypresses, bright with flowering trees. But—the window through which he looks is barred. Is this yet another, very de luxe, prison? For Barrett is an American officer, captured by the Italians in North Africa, and the memories that return to him are of the wire and dust of a prisoners' camp.

Not until somebody enters does he learn where he is: this is a private asylum; the bell he heard was from the asylum's chapel. The attendant's manner is courteous, conciliatory, almost affectionate: he gives the impression of already knowing Charles well. But the astonished American hears himself addressed as Signor da Ponte. When Charles sits up to insist that he is Charles Barrett, old Bruno just makes a soothing noise.

Why Am I Here?

WHAT Charles gathers from Bruno, and is later told direct, by the

doctor, is this: he (Charles) is Vittorio da Ponte, a Veronese gentleman of good family, shell-shocked in the last war, who has been in this asylum, the Casa della Pace, for twenty-five years, and whose only symptom of madness (though the doctor considers this a sufficiently grave one) is the delusion that he is an American called Charles Barrett. When Charles protests, he is sharply bidden to stop that, to make an effort to cure himself, to give less trouble. The room in which he woke up is full of da Ponte's clothes, books and monogrammed personal things. The clothes fit him; and, wandering desperately round the house and garden (for as a harmless patient he is under no restraint), he is greeted everywhere as da Ponte. Well might his sanity waver—and, with that, his conviction that in spite of all evidence to the contrary, he really is Charles Barrett, of Oklahoma.

But, that granted, how did he come to be here, who moved him, and why, and what is behind all this? . . . From a start as completely mysterious to the reader as it is to Charles himself, Miss Albrand builds up a really first-rate story of anti-Axis intrigue in Italy. The time is the April of 1943. The Casa della Pace is, it turns out, threatened: the Germans express their intention of taking over the building



Miss Rosemary Konradin Luling, sixteen-year-old daughter of Sylvia Thompson, the novelist (Mrs. Peter Luling), is seen in front of some nursery murals she has been doing as commissions. She recently completed some decorations for two convent schools, and hopes as soon as events allow to study fresco painting at Versailles

(which is not far from Anzio) for their own purposes, and the future of the poor inmates is uncertain: the Nazi attitude towards all useless mouths has been declared, and does not promise well. In view of this, Charles (though always as da Ponte) is allowed his freedom, given da Ponte credentials and a supply of money and advised to make for Verona, via Rome.

It should be made clear (as it is made clear in the novel) that language is not among Charles's difficulties. He had lived in Italy some years before the war; and, in addition to this, has a gift for languages. The description of his journey, his arrival in Rome, of his sense

of having been sent there for some important purpose as to which, exasperatingly, he is in the dark, is at once convincing and exciting. In the asylum he has picked up just one clue—a reference to the Contessa San Vigilio, whom he does remember vaguely as an American woman who married into an old Roman family. Still impersonating da Ponte, he calls at the San Vigilio's. The Contessa has just been killed in a street accident: it is, instead, her daughter Sybilla, left with her father and uncle in the great sad house, whom Charles meets, and with whom he falls in love.

Intrigue, danger and love-interest, interwoven, should combine to rivet the reader to *Without Orders*. This (like, for instance, Ethel Vance's *Escape*) is a distinguished novel built round a thriller plot. Miss Albrand writes for those who love Italy, cannot forget her beauty, mourn for her tragedy and hope for her salvation. One is conscious, here and there, of Miss Albrand's difficulty in writing about Rome at the same time for those who do and who do not know the Eternal City: the former may find her few little explanations, which rather smack of the guide-book, irritating; the latter may like them and feel there ought to be more.

(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE other day I read an article on the Christian spirit in

everyday life. It was beautifully written—and I disagreed with almost every word. The bully in the home, the writer told us, should be borne with meekness, and the same forbearance should be accorded to the bad tempered, the nagging, the selfish, the inconsiderate and the disloyal. By which he seemed to infer that the self-sacrificing, however futile in the long run, would surely enter Heaven; their self-sacrifice, indeed, was part of that Glorious Cross which all men come into the world bravely to bear.

I didn't believe a word. If, after three attempts, appeasement does not succeed, it will be even less successful should it be prolonged *ad nauseam*. And this applies to politics as well as to the home. If, after the third time, the other cheek be smitten, I am convinced that the sufferer is either senseless or finds some inner-benediction in the smite. Meekness and self-sacrifice up to a point are inspiring virtues, but beyond that point they merely create the greater bully, the greater nagger, the worse tempered, the less considerate and the more disloyal. And I fail to see the Christianity in all that. If you allow the deliberately anti-social and anti-domestic to triumph all the time, you merely cut a rod for your own back—and deserve it. There comes a moment when even Heaven demands a "dust-up." And a firm stand, on occasion even right or wrong, is more inwardly inspiring than a

By Richard King

weak wobbling for the sake of peace at any price.

Moreover, it never creates the Peace for which it paid. It never will. You can push the virtues so far as to become ridiculous; just as you can trumpet the enormity of Vice until it grows absurd. And daily self-sacrifice towards the deliberately indifferent is not so much a sign of Christianity as an inability to stand firmly for justice once and for all. So it merely engenders pity instead of inspiration. And self-sacrifice which only creates pity by its wastefulness is, in the main, defeating its own ends, and is definitely wasted when it comes to the bully, the nagger, the selfish, the inconsiderate and the disloyal. A little perishing by their own swords would bring both parties nearer to mutual salvation. And that, in my mind, is much more symbolical of the Christian spirit in everyday life.

The spirit has been surrounded by too much mushful thinking as it is. For the Good of the Cause any noble self-sacrifice is worthy. But the Cause has to be a good one, not merely a meek propitiation in the face of selfish opposition. Thus, anybody who suffers daily and without complaint the machinations of the bully, the nagger, the selfish, the inconsiderate and the disloyal, asks for, even though he does not get, all he unwillingly deserves. Too often, if he persists beyond all sense of proportion and the human rights of the individual, he will merely intensify the evil he seeks to propitiate.



Post — Morrison

Col. Kenneth Graham Post, son of the late Mr. Donnell Post and of the Hon. Mrs. Post, of 7, Durham Place W., married Mrs. Stephanie Morrison, widow of S/Ldr. J. Morrison, R.C.A.F., and daughter of F/Lt. and Mrs. Wood, of Chislehurst, at Christ Church, Downing St.



Mathew — Bruce

Major Robert Mathew, 60th Rifles, younger son of the late Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Mathew and Lady Mathew, of Place, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, married Miss Joan Leslie Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce, of Northwood, Middlesex, at The King's Chapel of the Savoy



Hughes-Onslow — Lee

Lt. Andrew Hughes-Onslow, The Black Watch, eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Craig, Turnberry, Ayrshire, married Miss Betty Lee, daughter of Col. M. G. Lee, of Christchurch, N.Z., and of Lady Rossmore, of Curfew House, Windsor, at Holy Trinity, Windsor

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Toller — Chaworth-Musters

Left: Major Richard Charles Robertson Toller, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Toller, of The Elms, Gresford, Wrexham, and Miss Diana Valerie Chaworth-Musters, M.B.E., W.R.N.S., daughter of Major and Mrs. Chaworth-Musters, of Salt-edge, West Mersea, Essex, were married in Algiers



Cardigan — Quennell

Major the Earl of Cardigan, R.A.S.C., only son of the Marquess of Ailesbury and the late Marchioness of Ailesbury, and Mrs. Joyce Frances Quennell, daughter of Mr. Charles Warwick-Evans, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office



Jackson — Rowan

Major W. M. Jackson, M.B.E., M.C., R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jackson, of Coleraine, Northern Ireland, married Miss Helen Mary Birkmyre Rowan, only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. B. Rowan, of Troon, Ayrshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 394)

were postponed, the golf links won. They are both still very busy with their hospital, which is full of convalescents from various parts of the British Isles, though only a third are actually kept to their beds.

Children's Revue

A REVUE performed entirely by children at the Royal County Theatre, Bedford, was the background for a charming little ceremony recently, when a challenge cup was presented to the St. John Ambulance Cadets in Bedford by the First Aid Division of the United States Eighth Army Air Force. Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, who is the County Cadet Officer for Bedfordshire, had collected a distinguished audience to see her cadets perform and to applaud the presentation of the cup. Handsome Col. Shuller, Surgeon of the U.S.A.A.F. Medical Corps, handed over the silver trophy with a few cheering words of appreciation for the friendship shown by the Great Barford Cadet Division to an American hospital, and the Lord Lieutenant, Col. Dealtry Part, also spoke warmly of Anglo-American friendship. Messages of thanks from Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Chief Commissioner of the Brigade, Gen. Sir Clive Liddell, were read by the County Commissioner, Capt. W. C. Knight. A photograph of some of those there, is reproduced below.

M.P.'s Daughter's Wedding

SPEECHES, quite lengthy and certainly witty, were a feature at the reception held by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wakefield, following the marriage of their daughter, Joan, to Lt. Antony Raynsford, R.N. After the cake was cut, Mr. William Mabane, M.P., proposed the health of the young couple, and made all sorts of jokes about her father, who, he said, had wished that she had turned out to be a Rugger Blue, instead of which she became a skier! The bridegroom, too, entered the lists with gusto, and ended by proposing a toast himself, in which he asked his bride to join him in drinking the health of their families and friends. The ceremony took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P., gave his daughter away. There were two grown-up bridesmaids and two children.



Bedfordshire Wins a U.S. Cup for 1943

Bedfordshire cadets' nursing division were the first winners of the National Challenge Cup, presented by the 1st Aid Division of the U.S. 8th Army Air Force to St. John Ambulance Brigade cadets. Watching the presentation were Capt. W. C. Knight, Lt.-Col. D. C. Pari, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Col. Shuller, U.S.A.A.F., the Mayoress of Bedford, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey and the Hon. Mrs. M. Bowes-Lyon



Ellis Bodmin

Visiting Girl Guides

When Lady Baden-Powell (right), visited Waldebridge District Girl Guides, she walked with Mrs. J. M. Macmillan. Following them were Mrs. G. Carlyon, Assistant County Commissioner for Girl Guides in Cornwall, and Miss Joan Cruddas

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

But certainly, by whatever means, this book captures something of the Roman spirit, much of the Roman scene—the buildings, the fountains, the gardens, the spring dawns. Miss Albrand's style is sometimes flat—perhaps deliberately so?—and seems not quite up to the quality of her imagination. She, like her hero, is a convinced American: both believe in the New World's mission to save the Old.

Spare Time

WHAT are women to do with their spare time? The war has just now, of course, suspended that burning question by leaving no spare time to either sex; but war work provides no long-term answer. It is possible that in the new, better world we may all be kept on the run, with not a moment to think. All the same, I really cannot believe that the future will ever quite dispose of a question that bit so deeply into the past. Boredom, with its attendant train of neuroses, has been the main threat to the otherwise well-off woman for generations—nay, for centuries—back. It is human to like to feel one is doing something: tatting succeeded tapestry as a means of keeping our ancestresses quiet, if not exactly amused. Happy, but fewer than we may realise, were those who got to Court or even to town and made names for themselves, either good or bad: the majority, in their uncounted thousands—in castles and manors, in rectories, in parlours in country towns or in the stodgier quarters of London itself—plied their needles with a savage, non-stop speed that may have helped them to work off some inner fury, and had recourse, ad nauseam, to each other's talk.

Spectacular wickedness, so far as I can see, was the best means a woman had of making herself felt: virtue, though approved, was taken for granted. Wickedness, in persons of either sex, might, I suppose, be defined as personality gone wrong. The extravagances of many famous ladies, from Messalina on, and before her time, may have been due to their having no prospect of any other satisfying career: such types were often dynamic, masculinely courageous and had excellent heads—in these days they might have been explorers, pioneers of flying, notable figures in the business, journalistic or artistic world, or officers in the women's forces. The trouble was that their own time did not give them a break; they revenged themselves on a manruled society that denied them an outlet for their powers.

A Career

ALL this would seem to apply to the heroine of Magdalen King-Hall's novel, *Life and Death of the Wicked Lady Skelton* (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.). Barbara Skelton, brought as a bride of sixteen to the lonely Buckingham manor, Maryiot Cells, had potentialities that the seventeenth-century country-house way of living was, relentlessly, to turn to the bad. Her marriage—beyond which her life extended for only six catastrophic years—took place in 1678. This strange, budding beauty, with her green eyes, had in the first place a curious sexless innocence, a desire for prowess, for something big. She found herself tied to a middle-aged husband, without an interest outside his own estates, and dependent for society on a pack of witless females—her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law and their entourage of poor relations, spinster or widowed. Her childlessness increased her sense of vacuity. What was young Lady Skelton to do with her energies? Chance—the wish to recover a ruby pendant lost as a gambling debt to a hated relative—caused her to stumble on a career: she became a lady of the roads, a highwaywoman on dangerous Watling Street. By night she donned her mask and her male attire, strapped on her pistols, mounted her horse, rode off; by day she continued to play the part of the acquiescent and sweet young thing.

We first meet Barbara Skelton as a malign ghost—causing a bishop to faint at an Edwardian garden fête, devastating a Victorian miss on the eve of her sister's wedding, causing havoc among generations of Skelton children and servants, daunting even a strapping Georgian chatelaine. So dreadful became her presence at Maryiot Cells that the haunted manor, though lovely, has to be closed, and it is a relief to the last Skelton when a German bomb wipes it out in the April of 1941.

Miss King-Hall's hair-raising early chapters create the right mood in which to read Barbara's story. The very contexts in which she, as a ghost, appears give clues to her character. As shocking, as tragic we see her, but she is never repugnant. Miss King-Hall shows once more, in this novel, her almost psychic feeling for period; and the lightness, the apparent off-handness of her style does, for some reason, heighten her big effects. *Life and Death of the Wicked Lady Skelton* gave me an exciting evening, and subsequent nightmare night. I recommend it to all who are willing to risk their nerves.

Bombers

"THE FIRE WAS BRIGHT," by Leslie Kark (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories about Bomber Command. On this subject, fiction could not be stranger than truth—all the same, imagination has done fine work here, not in adding to, but interpreting, what has happened. As stories these have a Kiplingesque quality: we are shown brief action in terms of eternal spirit. The author is fortunate in having at once experience—every word, every detail, has the authentic ring—and perspective; posterity, to whom so much of to-day will be puzzling, should be able to understand *The Fire was Bright*. Leslie Kark's sense of character is acute: he looks into men who have not time, or are not in the mood, to look deeply into themselves. The word "unforgettable" should not be used lightly: it does apply to much to be found here.

Harrods

Stressing
Young
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(Left) Soft wool frock for the junior Miss, designed with striking new details—smart revers with striped over collar, cuffs and skirt bows—high-fitting waistline and front fullness to the skirt. Navy with navy/white or red/white stripes; also brown with brown/white stripes. Hips 33-37.

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Waistband and bows on shoulder in contrasting colour In Ivory/sky,

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● The first smart girl had eighteen coupons to spare; the second smart girl had fourteen; and the third smart girl had—well, she'd learnt a thing or two since nursery-rhyme days, so she still had twelve. And being smart girls, they knew what they wanted and they got what they wanted. All three went flat out for navy and white—hardy perennials of fashion, if ever there were such things, in all seasons all over the world. The first smart girl (right)—Miss Eighteen Coupons—chose a suit trimly tailored with dandy white pique revers stitched in; the second (centre)—Miss Fourteen—put her coupons on a jumper suit with a fresh little vest and bold button fastening up the left underarm seam; the third smart girl (left)—Miss Only Twelve—not to be outdone by lack of coupons, found a clever little blouse in fine wool material with three-quarter sleeves and a matching skirt. Where did they find these treasure clothes, these three smart girls with three smart little hats? Why, at Fortnum's, of course



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The true creator is never idle. Though manufacture of perfumes and many of our beauty preparations is no longer possible, dreams of fresh loveliness and perfection already exist in the minds of our experts. Novel and exciting perfumes and preparations that will add fresh laurels to the fame of Coty, when Peace permits the realisation of our post-war plans.

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A charming printed crêpe dress to greet the first sunny days. Note the Russian persuasion in the softly tying bows at neck and waist. Jumper top and semi full skirt. In red, lime green, beauty pink or pastel green. Hip sizes 38, 40 and 42 ins

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Stories from Everywhere

A SMALL negro schoolboy gave his teachers any amount of trouble. After deciding that nothing could be done with him, the teachers asked his mother to call and discuss the boy.

One of the teachers said he stole money, to which the mother replied: "Jes' like his pa."

Another said he was a liar.

"Jes' like his pa," came the comment again.

Another said he used bad language.

The negro woman sighed. "Jes' like his pa," she said. "Ah sho is glad Ah nebbah did marry dat man!"

HERE is a story of rationing in the U.S.A. about a New York woman who went along to collect sugar coupons for the first time.

She found the right building—but went into a room where blood donors were dealt with. A doctor tested her blood group, drew the regular amount of blood, and showed her out with a polite speech of thanks.

So far, apparently, she had accepted everything as part of the normal routine, but now felt it was time to protest. "But," she said, firmly, "you haven't given me my coupon."

A STORY which shows that the Luxembourgers' defiance of the Huns extends even to the children is told by M. Joseph Bech, Luxembourg Foreign Minister.

At school a little girl was asked by the Nazi teacher who was the greatest figure in the modern history of the country. "The Grand Duchess Charlotte," replied the child.

The Nazi was annoyed. However, he tried again. "But who was it that fled the country, leaving them to fight their own battles?" he demanded.

The little girl could answer that one, too.

"Rudolf Hess," she said.

A BRITISH official, newly arrived in America, was talking with an American senator about Anglo-American relations. The American said: "The trouble is Britain's past; all those dark pages in history, the wicked crimes you have committed and try to cover up."

The Englishman said: "Mention some."

The American said: "Well, take for instance, the burning of Washington."

The British diplomat stared. "Good Lord, did we do that? I knew we burned Joan of Arc, but I always thought George Washington died a natural death."

SOMEONE in the War Department in Washington not long ago suggested the destruction of a big pile of old, unimportant and ragged records to make room for current filing. The written proposal was submitted, and referred from one office and one official to another, in the usual routine, until quite a new file had been built up on it. Finally, a dozen or more officials had approved destroying the old papers and at last the order came through to burn them. But the final authority had added this note: "Provided that copies are made of all papers destroyed."



Basil Shackleton

Berkeley Sutcliffe is fast establishing a reputation for himself as one of the most brilliant of the younger artists in the theatre today. At the moment he is a lance-corporal in the Royal Engineers specializing in camouflage work, but in his spare time he has managed to design the decor and costumes for such successful shows as "Sweeter and Lower," "Sky High," "Dubarry Was a Lady," "Something in the Air," and so on

TWO mind readers met after an interval of some months. One of them immediately exclaimed in a hearty voice:—

"You're all right! How am I?"

"WELL," said the doctor cheerfully, "how do you feel this morning? Any aches or pains?"

"Yes," answered the patient, "it hurts me to breathe in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

"Oh," said the physician still more cheerfully. "I'll give you something that will soon stop that!"

THE museum attendant approached the millionaire.

"Smoking is forbidden here, sir," he said. "You are liable to a fine of ten shillings."

"Well, here's a pound note," replied the culprit.

"I have no change, sir," said the attendant.

The millionaire turned to his secretary and handed him a cigar.

"Here, John, you smoke as well."

AN industrial engineer in New York made a survey of the business possibilities of the post-war era. He learned that the three best fields are housing, aviation and South American trade.

"Invest with me in a sure-fire plan," he advised his clients. "It can't miss. I'm going to ship prefabricated houses by plane to South America."

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Remember 1937? Remember the things you did in those days? Remember the old 'ten-horse' that took you out of the built-up areas and into Picnic-land? Life was easy then. And it was easy to buy Batchelor's English Canned Fruits and Vegetables. But now the Nation is at war. The best of everything must go to the Forces. The best Canned Fruits and Vegetables. So for the duration, Batchelor's Fruits and Vegetables are going to be scarce. Our fighting men must come first, for without them there would be no hope of Peace and Plenty in the days to come.

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... and with the fruits of Victory.
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Aeropress

WHEN peace—and paper—come again there must inevitably be a burgeoning of bulletins. The bulletin is the ancillary of the periodical. It helps the individual manufacturer or trader to pass to those specially interested information about his own field. I have always felt that the scope for the bulletin is large and that it performs an important service in an extremely economical way. In consequence I welcome the first issue of the British Aviation Insurance Company's Aviation Bulletin which is issued from their office in Montreal and is intended primarily as a service to Canadian aviation. The bulletin consists of several sheets with the news items divided up with their own separate headings and the first number is mainly concerned with extracts from the paper prepared by J. A. Wilson, the Director of Air Services, the Department of Transport. A great deal of valuable information is often contained in these papers read by specialists but the daily newspaper is quite unable to devote much space to them. The weekly and monthly papers are also so pressed for space that they have to make actualities their main concern and deal with specialist lectures and papers only when there is room left over.

Here I think one gets a glimpse of one of the chief problems of the age, which is the handling of masses of information in an organized manner. Aviation in particular is weighed down with knowledge which pours in from every conceivable quarter and it demands a considerable effort if even a minute part of it is to be properly absorbed by those who can make use of it. The bulletin differentiates information because it is obvious that it will be concerned only, or at any rate very largely, with matters which are the province of its issuing authority.

The British Aviation Insurance Company has only been established in Canada for a little more than a year, but it has twenty years' experience in the United Kingdom and throughout the world as a pioneer in all forms of aviation insurance. British aviation knows it chiefly through the name of its underwriter and principal surveyor, Captain A. G. Lamplugh. It was

Lamplugh, by the way, who established in September, 1942, the Independent Committee on Civil Aviation, the first unofficial committee, I believe, to be formed in England to study this subject.

Baggage

IT is a little trying to find our old friend the Southern Railway stepping in where aviation has been thinking of treading. I read that the Southern Railway has produced a plastic luggage van. So far as I know plastic aircraft have up to the present been confined to the light training types, but for freighter purposes there ought surely to be good opportunities for this material. The very thought of plastic freighters coupled with the Southern Railway's example brings to mind a horrible picture of aerial freight trains with tugs, perhaps like that gigantic Heinkel that was shot down by Mosquitoes the other day, drawing behind them large numbers of plastic freighter-gliders. Freight is one of the sides of commercial aviation which might repay study more immediately than passenger transport. I have remarked before on the curious kinds of freight which tended to go by air before the war. Gold in immense bricks such as we dream about was one of the main forms of freight which went by air across the Channel. Works of art were another and biological specimens, all alive, another. An important side of this work is the mode of stowage and securing and in America a most ingenious scheme of ropes, hooks, eyes, turn buckles, thimbles, levers, ratchets, and probably just ordinary granny knots, has been developed for securing freight firmly no matter what its shape or size within aircraft luggage compartments. In short the transport of goods by air would profit by first of all a most careful study



Air Cdre. A. M. Wray, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C. (right), took a crew of sergeants on their first attack, when Bomber Command sent over 1,000 heavy bombers, including squadrons from the R.C.A.F. and the R.A.A.F., to Stuttgart not long ago. Here he is seen discussing the trip with two members of his crew

of the kinds of goods that would benefit most from air transport and secondly from the consideration of carriers, capable of taking those goods in a manner that would reduce handling and give them economical conditions of transport.

The need for the first of these things, namely, a close scrutiny of the kinds of goods suited to air transport, is of the utmost importance as is shown by the fact just given that the most unlikely freight, namely, the gold brick (we refer only to the genuine article and not to the kind filled with lead), formed a large part of the cross-Channel air goods in days gone by.

Helicopters

NEWS continues to come in of aircraft firms which are interesting themselves in helicopters, and there does seem to be a chance that when the war comes to an end quite a number of important manufacturers will be playing

about with new helicopter designs. This should set the scene for rapid development. There is nothing more conducive to progress in a field of this kind than simultaneous convergence upon the central problem of numbers of independent designers. The plans that have been announced for the building of post-war civil aircraft are mainly concerned with fixed wing machines and this is the right policy for at the present moment the helicopter is an enigma. But I feel that it only requires a sufficient concentration of effort to move it into the practical stage. If one can visualize a really easily flown, ready-built helicopter and a scheme for hiring it out on a "fly yourself" basis one has the beginnings of genuine private aviation. Whether people on the ground would entirely enjoy the conditions if the air were filled with these buzzing machines is another matter.

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"Leave me, old friend. My end is near. Tell England, won't you?"

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"Well, you needn't crow about it, you great, grinning ghoul."

"I'm not crowing, I'm just trying to get an idea into your head. And not being a surgeon, it's

rather difficult. Drink gin and Rose's Lime Juice. Gimlets, in fact, and you put your potential hangovers on the spot. Or you can take a long straight lime juice last thing before you turn in. It works just as well."

"So that's why you cart round that crate of Rose's. You might have told me before."

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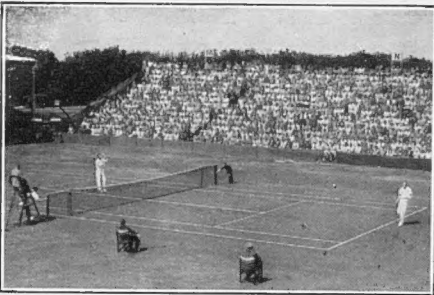


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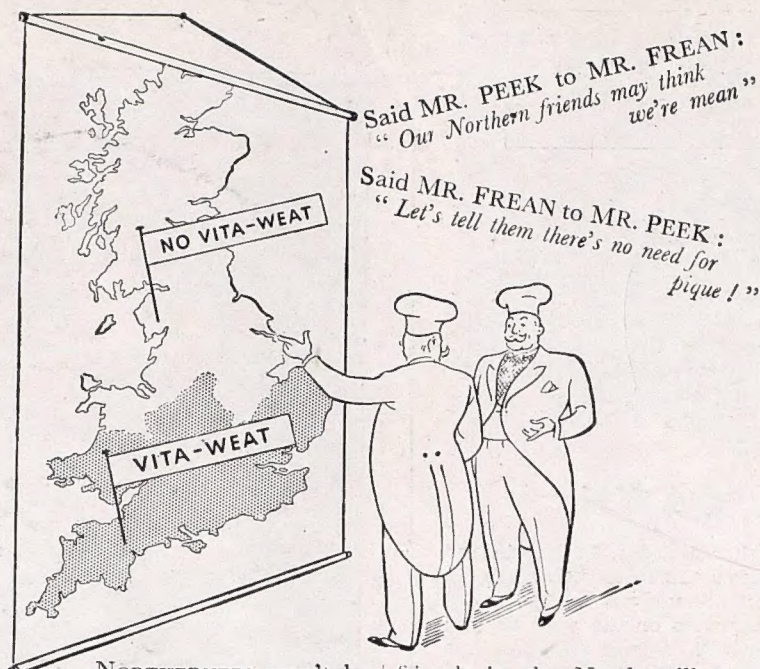
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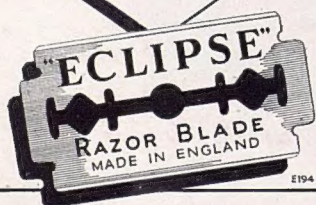
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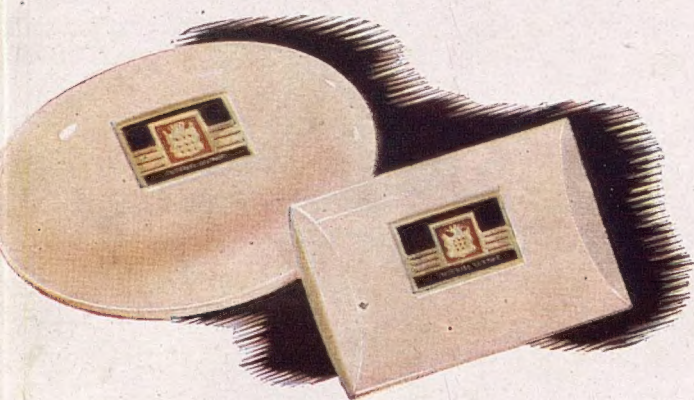
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